

Sentimental & Literary Magazine.

VOL. III.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1797.

[No. 105.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Editors of the weekly SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE, (formerly entitled the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE) present their compliments to their patrons, and inform them, that, encouraged by so respectable a number of Ladies and Gentlemen as have favoured them with their subscription, they with confidence commence the third volume of the Magazine; which will contain a new series of matter intirely unconnected with what has preceded. They conceive it useless to make fair promises; if the publication merits approbation it will probably be supported; if not, it will fall of course. The late addition to their list of subscribers flatters them with the expectation of rendering the establishment permanent. To please all has ever exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The vanity of a considerable number in society is always gratified by depreciating the merits of every literary production the moment it becomes acceptable to the community in general. It is either a home production and consequently *paltry trash*, or it has before appeared in a foreign work, and its republication unnecessary. Readers of this description we cannot calculate upon satisfying. But relying on the indulgence and liberality of those who are disposed to judge with candor on the merits of original composition, who justly estimate the utility of giving general circulation to compositions of real merit that have appeared in other countries, they hope to gain such general approbation as will crown their undertaking with success. They take the liberty in the commencement of this volume to make some alteration in the title of the Magazine, rendering it more expressive of the original plan of the work. They will only say, that utility and amusement are the grand desideratum by which their exertions are directed. If at any time they fail in this they must trust to the indulgence of a candid public. They will never wittingly transgress the rules of decency nor trespass on the sacred principles of moral virtue.

The Editors beg leave at this time to request of the literati of this city their aid in rendering this institution generally useful. They may be assured that the utmost attention shall be paid to all communications.

They particularly solicit the continuance of favours from former correspondents, of whose abilities they entertain the

highest respect; any insinuations to the contrary are intirely groundless, nor has the slightest inattention ever been designedly given by the Editors.

A trusty intelligent carrier having been lately engaged, the Editors hope to obviate the complaints that have some times been made on the score of carelessness in this respect.

ON THE DANGER OF PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A Dervise, famed for the sanctity of his life, went into the house of a confectioner. The master of the shop, desirous of treating the holy man, presented him with a cup full of honey; but he had scarce uncovered it, when a legion of flies came pouring down upon it. The confectioner took a fan to drive them away. The flies that had alighted on the edge of the vessel, easily saved themselves; but those, which more greedy had crowded into the middle, clinging to the honey, could not get off.

The Dervise, sunk into a deep reverie, examined the spectacle with an attentive eye. Come to himself, he fetched a long sigh, and the confectioner, all astonishment, asking him the reason of it, he said:

"This vessel is the world, and these flies are its inhabitants: those that stopped on the edge of the vessel resemble the wise; who, setting bounds to their desires, do not run as madmen after pleasures, and content themselves with skimming over their surface only. The flies that ran headlong into the midst of the vessel, represent those that, giving loose reins to their disorderly inclinations, abandon themselves without reserve to all sorts of voluptuousness.

"When the angel of death, passing over in a rapid flight the surface of the earth, shall shake his wings, such men as have proceeded no farther than the edges of the vessel of this world, will freely begin to soar on high, and fly with the celerity of a light wing towards the celestial country; but those who, slaves to their passions, have plunged into the vessel poisoned with pleasures, will sink therein deeper and deeper, and be precipitated into the abyss."

REMARK.

THE best means to arrive at the pleasures of the body, is to preserve and cultivate the powers of the soul.

[As nothing has appeared to the Editors more likely to instruct, entertain and monopolize the affections of the lovers of beautiful and edifying sentiments, than the following LETTERS; they feel happy in being able (by means of a copy just procured from France, where it is universally read and admired) to lay it before the readers of our Magazine as we received it, and expect its worth will excite a pleasing admiration.]

LETTERS

OF A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS:

WITH

THE SEQUEL.

Translated from the French of
MADAME DE GRAFIGNY:

LIFE OF

MADAME DE GRAFIGNY,

MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF FLORENCE.

MADAME De Grafigny was born in Lorrain, Dec. 12, 1695, and died at Paris, in the 64th year of her age. Her father, who by descent was of the house of Issemburg in Germany, in his younger days, served in the French army. He was aid de camp to Marshal Boufflers at the siege of Namur. Lewis XIV. in recompence for his services, made him a gentleman of France, as he was before of Germany; and confirmed all his titles. He afterwards attached himself to the court of Lorrain.

His daughter was married to Francis Huguet of Grafigny, exempt of the body guards, and chamberlain to the Duke of Lorrain. Much did she suffer from the treatment of her husband: and after many years of heroic patience, was juridically separated from him. She had some children by him, who all died young, before their father.

Madam Grafigny was of a grave disposition; her conversation did not display those talents which she had received from nature. A solid judgment, a heart tender and benevolent, and a behaviour affable, uniform, and ingenuous, had gained her many friends, a long time before she had any prospect of having literary admirers.

Mademoiselle de Guise coming to Paris to celebrate her nuptials with the Duke de Richelieu, brought with her Madam de Grafigny; and, but for this incident, perhaps she would never have seen that city; at least, her situation in life by no means gave her reason to think of it: neither had she, nor any of her friends, at that time, the least prospect of the reputation which attended her in that capital. Several persons of wit, who were united into a society, of which she also became a member, insisted on her giving them something for their *Recueil*, which was printed in duodecimo, in the year 1745. The piece which she gave is the most considerable in that collection. It is called *Nouvelle Espagne; le mauvais exemple produit autant de vertus que de vices*.*

* A Spanish novel; bad examples produce as many virtues as vices.

The title itself, we see, is a maxim, and the novel is full of them. This little piece was not relished by some of the associates. Madam de Grafigny, piqued at the pleasantries of those gentlemen on her Spanish novel, without saying any thing to the society, composed the *Letters of a Peruvian*, which had the greatest success. A short time after she gave the French theatre, *Cénie*, a piece of five acts, in prose, which was received with an applause that has continued to the present day. This play is one of the best we have of the sentimental kind.

La Fille d'Aristide, another comedy in prose, had not, on representation, the same success with *Cénie*. It was published after the death of Madam Grafigny: it is said that the author corrected the last proof on the very day of her death. It is also confidently reported, that the ill success of this piece on the stage, contributed not a little to the disorder of which she died. Madam de Grafigny had that laudable regard for her reputation which is the parent of many talents: a censorious epigram had given her great chagrin; and which she freely acknowledged.

Besides these two printed dramas, Madam de Grafigny wrote a little fairy tale of one act, called *Azor*, which was performed at her own apartments; and which she was persuaded not to give to the comedians. She also composed three or four pieces of one act that were represented at Vienna by the children of the Emperor. These are of the simple and moral kind, on account of the august characters who were to be instructed by them.

Their imperial majesties, the emperor and empress, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, honoured our author with a particular esteem, and made her frequent presents; as did also their royal highnesses Prince Charles, and the princess Charlotte of Lorrain, with whom she had moreover the distinguished honour of a literary correspondence.

Madam de Grafigny left her books to the late M. Guy-mont de la Touche, author of the modern tragedy of *Iphigenia en Tauride*, and of the *Epistle to Friendship*. He enjoyed this donation but little more than a year, for he died in the month of February, 1760. She left all her papers to the care of a man of letters, who had been her friend for thirty years; with the liberty of disposing of them in such manner as he thought proper.

We may judge of the genius of Madam de Grafigny by her writings; and of her morals by her friends, for she had none but those of the greatest merit: and their esteem is her best eulogy. The distinguished marks of her character were a sensibility, and a goodness of heart, scarcely to be paralleled. Her whole life was one act of beneficence. We know but few particular circumstances relating to it; for she never spoke of herself, and her actions were covered with the veil of simplicity and modesty. We know in general, indeed, that her life was a continued series of misfortunes; and, doubtless, it was from these that she drew in part, that amiable and sublime philosophy of the heart, which characterises her works, and will make them dear to posterity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF truth, when it strays from probability, usually loses its credit in the eye of reason, it is for a short time only; but, let it contradict prejudice ever so little, and it will seldom find favour before that tribunal.

What then ought not the editor of this work to fear, in presenting to the public the letters of a young Peruvian, whose style and thoughts so little agree with the mean idea which an unjust prejudice has caused us to form of that nation?

Enriched by the precious spoils of Peru, we ought, at least, to regard the inhabitants of that part of the world as a magnificent people; and the sentiment of respect is not very remote from the idea of magnificence. But so prejudiced are we always in our own favour, that we rate the merit of other nations not only in proportion as their manners imitate ours, but in proportion as their tongues approach nearer to our idiom. *How can any one be a Peruvian?**

We despise the Indians, and hardly grant a thinking soul to those unhappy people: yet their history abounds with monuments of the sagacity of their minds, and the solidity of their philosophy. The apologist of humanity, and of beautiful nature,† has traced the outlines of the Indian manners in a dramatic poem, the subject of which divides the glory with the execution.

With so much light given us into the characters of these people, there should seem no room to fear that original letters, which only exhibit what we already know of the lively and natural wit of the Indians, are in danger of passing for a fiction. But hath prejudice any eyes? There is no security against its judgment, and we should have been careful not to submit this work to it, if its empire had been without bounds. It seems needless to give notice, that the first letters of Zilia were translated by herself: every one must easily judge, that, being composed in a language, and traced in a manner equally unknown to us, this collection could never have reached us, if the same hand had not written them over in our tongue.

We owe this translation to Zilia's leisure in her retreat: her complaisance in communicating to them the Chevalier Deterville, and the permission he at last obtained to keep them, were the means that conveyed them into our hands.

It will easily be seen, by the peculiarity of style, that we have been scrupulously careful not to take away any thing of the genuine spirit that reigns in this work. We have been content with suppressing (especially in the first letters) a great number of Oriental‡ terms and comparisons, which escaped Zilia, though she knew the French tongue perfectly well when she translated them: we have only left so many of them as may shew the necessity of retrenching the rest.

* The translator apprehends this sentence to be a satirical repetition after some other French author. There were a few strokes marked in the same manner in one or two of the letters, which he did not take notice of, as he supposed they would be unintelligible to the English reader.

† M. de Voltaire.

‡ The French editor here uses Oriental, for lofty and swelling, though the Peruvians, with respect to us, are certainly an Occidental people.

We thought it possible also to give a more intelligible turn to certain metaphysical strokes, which might have appeared obscure; but this we have done without changing the thought itself. This is the only part that the editor has had in this singular work.

APOLOGY.

TO what the editor hath already said, the translator begs leave to add, that, as he went through his task with peculiar pleasure, he hopes he has done justice to a work which appears to him to have great beauty in the original. The Peruvian character, as far as we know it from history, joined to that of good sense, inflexible virtue, tender sentiments, and unchangeable affections, cannot be more strongly and naturally painted than in the letters of Zilia; nor do we often see the progress of the human mind so correctly and expressively drawn as in these letters.

To this edition are now first added the letters of Aza; the advertisement prefixed to them by the French editor, shews by what means they were obtained. We shall only add here, that by these letters the history of Aza and Zilia is rendered complete. We presume, moreover, that in the force and turns of passion, in delicacy of sentiment, in variety of incidents, in pertinent reflections, and in dignity, propriety, and elegance of expression, they will not be found inferior to the most admired among the letters of Zilia.

(To be continued.)

SONNET IN PROSE.

Translated from the Italian Language.

THE mariner sings whilst he is rowing, and the song makes his rough work appear less rough.

The ploughman sings whilst he is ploughing, and his song seems to make the glebe yield easier to the stroke.

The prisoner sings in the antique fort in which he is confined, and his song makes the heavy hours pass away less unpleasant.

The mower sings over the cut-down ear, and his song renders him more callous to the scorching heat of the sun.

The callous-handed smith sings at the break of day, and his song seems to make his strokes on the rough and sonorous anvil come down lighter, and give him less trouble. Thus I, not for glory or honour that may come from it, but to deaden and numb, if possible, the grief that oppresses me; thus I, sing at one time Love, and at another time Fortune.

DESCRIPTION OF A COURT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE court, says an ingenious French author, is a place which presents you with beggars of the most polite manners, well educated, and well clothed.

THE FARRAGO.

No. X.

"If you have children, never give them knowledge,
 'Twill spoil their fortune. FOOLS ARE ALL THE FASHION."

OTWAY.

MORE than two centuries ago, Erasmus, one of the greatest wits of his time, wrote an ironical, humorous treatise entitled *The praise of Folly*. As this book is something advanced in years, and, as folly merits praise more than ever, I have thought, in the sincerity of my heart, that it was incumbent on some well wisher to this personage to cause a new edition of her panegyric to be fairly imprinted. But as this encomium of folly is written in the language of learning, and as those who would most exult in the praises of their patroness are least skilled even in the horn-book of Latin, I deem it my indispensable duty, having been from my youth up of an obliging temper, to advance the cause of folly, by composing an essay, which, with a blessing on my honest endeavours, may disseminate dulness among my loving countrymen. If an objector should arise, and in the spirit of caval, presumptuously call in question the utility of my attempt, by wildly declaring that folly should be coupled with censure and not with its opposite, I will remind this ignoramus, if an event of such notariety have escaped his attention, of that revolution in the sentiments of mankind which is of late so happily accomplished. In consequence of the ignorance of those of old time, more especially of the silly Greeks and Romans, it has long been a pretty generally received opinion, that a road through the low grounds of folly, was a round about way to Parnassus. But this ridiculous prejudice, after long tyrannizing over the mind, is at length destroyed by the almost universal consent of the enlightened moderns, who, after the maturest deliberation, have, in their wisdom, declared that the wreaths of fame never looked so vivid, as when twined round the head of dullness. Such however has been the coyness of the age towards innovations, though ever so useful, that, to our shame be it spoken, we have but recently reduced our new and judicious theory to practice. Those who are witnesses to the encouragement which fools now receive, and to the immunities and privileges they enjoy, of greetings in the market place, of the highest seats in the synagogue, of acquiring East-India fortunes, and lastly, of enjoying the exclusive smiles of the fair, will scarcely believe that characters of an opposite description, ever could be tolerated. Yet, whimsical as it may appear, there was a time when this was actually the case. Although to a modern philosopher it may seem incredible, I can warrantably assert, from the best authorities, that in the days of yore wisdom and genius were in some small degree of estimation. Talents instead of being considered obstacles in the path to fame were by some, perhaps too sanguine spirits, viewed in the light of useful auxiliaries. Men of abilities, though in sooth it was a little

mysterious, were the pride of their own sex, and the favorites of the other; they were venerated by the populace and advanced at courts; their books were read and the sentiments remembered; and parents, affectionately mindful of the welfare of their offspring, bade them view, with the eye of imitation, such fair and perfect models. The ancients were so deplorably deficient in enterprise, their navigation was so imperfect to the isles of Cape de Verd, that neither Lycurgus nor Solon ever promulgated a law for the encouragement of jack-asses. Homer and Plato, Virgil and Horace never dreamed that their philosophy and poetry would ensure them neglect; and that to be nonsensical was the surest way to become popular. Now another face of things is seen, and if one may judge from every day's experience, mankind have convened with a laudable resolution to annihilate Minerva's temple, and to form a general combination in favour of stupidity. That long eared animal, renowned for wisdom even to a proverb, whose asinine excellencies were so injuriously slighted by Grecian lawgivers, is now exalted to that post of honor which his superior merit claimed. Does any ambitious spirit wish to attain preferment's top or the peak of Parnassus? Let him choose an ass for his companion or vehicle; and lo! he is there. Even to my lady's bed chamber he kicks his way; for who ever heard that by his graceful gambols, toilet or dressing glass was ever discomposed. Such being the situation of things, I cannot conceive of a greater misfortune than for a man to be born what is stiled in vulgar phrase a Genius. For neglect is his birthright, and his inheritance infelicity. The prudent shun him, for a Genius is not always noted for circumspection. At the sight of one who avows a contempt of cash, and who is more willing to spend twenty pounds than to earn one, stockholders, like the Priest and Levite of old, "pass by on the other side." Among the professions he is nobody; Genius is too lazy to become a dray-horse to the law, too proud to submit to pill and bolus drudgery, and too impatient of study to peruse Boston's Fourfold State, Erskin's Gospel Sonnets, or Wigglesworth's Day of Doom. The ladies, who are remarkable for aversion to reptiles, one unlucky instance recorded by a divine writer excepted, have the same antipathy to Genius that they have to a toad. For Genius will sometimes argue, and I have been told by some, perhaps lying philosophers, that ladies love fancy, more than reason. From irritability of nerve, Genius is full of whim and caprice; and the ladies, knowing the evil, and wisely providing the remedy, are so generous that they wish to keep these foibles to themselves. Hooted from the haunts of men, and unadmitted to the toilets of the fair, it is high time for Genius to be sequestered from the world. The ages of monkery must again commence, and men of abilities must repair to the cloister and the hermitage, not from motives of devotion, but despair. Living Genius being thus happily disposed of, and chained to obscurity, it now remains to propose a scheme, which shall have a two-fold operation; first, to make effectual provision against the future intrusions of Genius into good company, and secondly, by a regular dunfical education, a project I

have always had much at heart, to qualify a man, at the age of twenty-one, to become a worthy member of the right worshipful society of fools. It is well known to those laudably curious persons, who trace nature to her elementary forms, that the learned and pious Sterne in his ecclesiastical history of Tristram Shandy, has, with all becoming gravity, philosophised on the influence of the animal spirits upon the Homunculus, or embryo, during the mysterious work of generation. Agreeably to his hypothesis, children are sprightly or dull, in an exact ratio to the briskness or vapidness of those animal spirits, employed in this momentous enterprize. Hence, the children of Love, vulgarly so called, are most liberally endowed with what Lord Bolingbroke terms the ethereal spirit; and, on the contrary, the descendants of the marriage bed, are puny and feeble, like the efforts which produced them. This hint is sufficient to set at work my projecting brain, whose very fibres are worn threadbare for the public good. I therefore humbly propose to our representatives in Congress, that they forthwith repeal all laws, which make the murder of BASTARDS capital; and that, in committee of the whole, they seriously debate, whether it will not be expedient to bring in a bill to discourage abilities, and to advance folly, in which shall be offered to those benevolent damsels, who are fond of making children, a handsome premium to destroy them. For, I am clearly of opinion, that the proscription of ingenuity, should become a national concern; and that the members of our great council, as they regard the wishes of their constituents and their own future election, should punish common sense as they would any other common nuisance. By the above expedient of premiums, young maidens being effectually prevented from fostering their love-begotten babes, the married ladies, on their part, without fee, or any reward, except that of conscious virtue, will assist, it is to be hoped, in the good work. As the first ten years fruit of their lawful embraces will, probably, possess some particles of animation, which may ripen into Genius, I advise them, from the tenderest motives, to murder, with all convenient speed, every child born within this period. This advice is highly reasonable and merciful in itself, would rescue sensibility from a world of sorrow, and would subserve the "good old cause" of dulness by eradicating the opposite character. Genius being thus literally stifled in the cradle I hurry on "joyfully and with a glad heart" to the second clause in my project; nothing doubting, if I may judge from the temper of the times, that it will meet universal approbation, and already beholding, "in the mind's eye" innumerable statues, which will be erected to my honor, at the public expence. The ancients usually commenced every important enterprize with an act of religion. Let modern matrons for once condescend to adopt this obsolete, unfashionable custom. At the expiration of the first ten years above mentioned, reasoning upon strict physical principles, the conjugal caresses of their mates will become languid and joyless, and the sluggish marriage couch will grow so unelastic that, from it no Genius can spring. Then I would seriously conjure the married dames to make it, with a lively faith, their

daily and earnest prayer, that their future children might be born with a comfortable leaden cap on their skulls. When infants actually appear with this panapoly of folly girding their brains, let a milch-afs be straightway provided, and let them be daily fed with her milk, that they may continually imbibe some portion of the spirit of their nurse. The first rudiments of nonsense, the "child of folly" may acquire at home; a task, which some indulgent mammas may assist, if the fatiguing domestic duties of powdering the hair, pinning a ribband, and adjusting a handkerchief, will give leave. At the age of fourteen, or before if he have towardly parts, let the hopeful boy be sent to some COLLEGE. I mean in foreign countries. For those, who experimentally know how the talents of a learner are cherished here, and who have witnessed the erudition and urbanity of our university governors, cannot, by any refinement of conjecture, suppose that I mean our own. Here, aided by careful tutors, men, who have grown grey by the *long* experience of—eighteen, or twenty years, he may grow in folly as he advances in age, and on Commencement Day, if he can exhibit a diagram, unintelligible, like a Professor's, or a specimen of eloquence embarrassed, like a President's, he may add to his surname D. D. or distinguished dunce. The interval from graduation, till twenty-one, may be usefully employed in masking with hypocrisy his passions, if *accidentally* he have any, and in acquiring the HABITS, I beg pardon for the impropriety of the expression, I mean the active and praise-worthy *virtues* of sobriety, chastity and prudence.

Meanwhile, let him associate with sober and staid persons, who rise at five and go to bed at nine; who understand interest, both simple and compound, and who pray piously for the poor, but give nothing away, lest idleness should be encouraged. After a discipline, so goodly, he may rise with rapid steps, to the highest posts in church and state. If he burn to enter into holy wedlock, he may find, in any street, or village, a young lady ready with open arms to receive him; one, in newspaper phrase, of great beauty and merit, with ten thousand pounds for her fortune. Behind a counter, he may scrawl a slate, with profit and loss, and be called eminent merchant. At the bar, aided by the braying of his nurse, he will harangue "about it and about it," and clients will hail him ingenious pleader. In a sick chamber, he may prate of Cullen and Cheselden; and his patients, if he have left them breath enough to pronounce his title, will salute him skilful doctor: or, lastly, from the pulpit, he may hurl roll brimstone at the heads of impenitent sinners with the highest applause. After jogging on quietly through life, without knocking his head, like Genius, that unlucky rogue, against every post in his way, he will die in peace, and be decently interred in a church-yard. Some friend to the deceased will place a fair blue stone over his grave; and set forth, perhaps in golden characters, how he enjoyed a goodly heritage, how he digged, and how he fenced it, how he planted, and how he watered it, how, like prudence he lived, and how like a christian he died.

HISTORY OF
AMERICANUS AND ELIZA.

HEROES and conquerors are the growth of every age, and almost every soil; but where shall we find a hero the conqueror of his passions? Love, irresistible love, levels all mankind; the prince, the patriot, the philosopher, and the poet, are alike compelled to lay aside their power, their rhetoric, their reason, and their muse; or rather exert them all to woo the fair arbitress of their fate. The greatest warriors are vanquished with a smile, and roused with a frown, as all histories ancient and modern evince. Achilles yielded to his Briseis, Alexander to Roxana, Cæsar to Cleopatra; and our modern Edwards, Henries, and Charles's have known the force of the artillery of love. Can we then wonder that the brave, the sensible, the generous Americanus should be subdued by the beautiful Eliza?

Americanus, noble by birth, great in sentiment, genius and valour, in his youth attracted the attention of a prince in whom all these virtues shone in their brightest lustre. A general himself, a commander who had saved his country from the invading rebellious foe, could distinguish merit even in obscurity; but when it appeared so near his person, as it did in Americanus, the congeniality of virtuous souls prompted him to watch for opportunities of requiting so much worth. One at length occurred: Americanus was, at the recommendation of this great prince, appointed commander in chief of an expedition that was as glorious as it was arduous. He conquered an almost inaccessible enemy; and the success that crowned this enterprize could be surpassed by nothing but the courage, skill, and intrepidity of the leader.

Americanus had some time before this event declared his passion for the fair Eliza. His personal qualifications, his elegant address, his rank in life, all united to plead in his behalf; and Eliza found they were too powerful advocates to resist. A connexion took place that had every mark of immutable constancy.

Eliza was at this time not more than eighteen. Nature had been lavish in her favour; the most exact symmetry of shape, the nicest proportion in every limb, were sure to excite the curiosity of the most transient spectator to view a face—Oh! for the pencil of a Raphael, a Reubens, a Van-dyke, or a Reynolds! My feeble pen dare not attempt the description. Reader, image to yourself a complexion of the happiest mixture of roses and lillies, eyes that kindled love at every glance, ruby lips that seemed to blush at concealing two rows of the most regular ivory, a taper graceful neck that conducted you involuntarily to a bosom, which she did not disclose, and I shall follow her example.

The beauties of her mind were still greater than those of her person: to an uncommon share of good sense, she united all the ornaments of female education, which were much improved by her great admiration of the best authors, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and particularly our dramatic poets: of these she was and still remains an enthusiastic admirer, which she testifies by her frequent appear-

ance at the representation of their best pieces: though it has been observed she rather gives the preference to the exhibitions at Covent Garden.

Such is Eliza! Can we then wonder that the sympathy of reciprocal merit should frame an union between her and Americanus, or that this alliance should still subsist in all its fervor? Nature and fortune seemed to allot them for each other, by every congenial sentiment, every endearing tie of love and friendship.

Whilst Americanus was vindicating the rights of his country, and the liberties of mankind, the fair Eliza, unable to support his absence in a place where every object recalled him to her remembrance, with all the horrors and perils of war, repaired to the continent, where she passed the whole campaign in the most recluse manner, incessantly praying for his safety and speedy return. Her prayers were heard, and she flew on the wings of love, at the first summons, to meet him. The most pathetic scene took place at this interview, when he had laid at her feet his laurels and his treasures.

It was now that Americanus had an opportunity of displaying all that noble generosity and magnanimity of soul, which so strongly characterize him. He sought for merit in every sphere of life, and wherever he found it he rewarded it. His Eliza too was not inattentive to female virtues.—She rescued many beautiful virgins from the snares of vice and infamy; and gave temporary relief to all who appeared real objects of beneficence. But her greatest attention was fixed upon an only sister, whose youth and modesty gave additional lustre to her charms. This beautiful budding rose had not yet been blighted, even by the breath of slander; and to rear it with a careful tender hand to its full bloom, was Eliza's constant avocation. Success hath crowned her endeavours; and in her charming sister, she hath every comfort of a sensible, enlightened, virtuous friend, and almost inseparable companion. They reside in the same house in R—L—Square, and live in the most social, amicable manner; unallayed with any of those bickerings, which from jealousy or baser motives, frequently interrupt the good understanding that should constantly subsist between such near relations.

It has been remarked of the sex, that if they are once guilty of a false step, they exert their utmost endeavours to bring every woman upon a level with themselves: in order, it is imagined, to avoid the reproach of scandal: But Eliza is a living example that this disposition is not so general as it has been supposed; for whatever errors she may have been guilty of, all her instructions to her lovely sister, tend to form her mind to the most upright virtue, instead of warping it to a vicious path.

So many amiable dispositions may in some degree dispel any trivial shades in the portrait of Eliza's character; for we cannot upon the strictest scrutiny discover it was ever stigmatized with indiscriminate errors. A former connexion, from whence she derived her present name, may, perhaps, include all her deviation from the most rigid path of female honour, previous to her present alliance.

ANECDOTES AND REMAINS

OF PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

M. VALENCE,

WHO rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. His forehead is scarred with wounds, one of which, inflicted by an Austrian hussar's scymitar, peeled off the skin in such a manner, as to roll it like a bandage over his eye. This occurred when he was charging the enemy, at the head of a detachment of cavalry. He is a brave soldier; and, although the actions of Pichegru and Jourdan have obliterated, in some degree, those of Dumourier and Valence, the two latter must be allowed to have formed the troops that have since acquired the former most, if not all, their glory. It was in the same manner that Philip prepared for the victories of Alexander.

BUZOT

WAS one of the Girondists, and his attachment to a federative republic, such as those of Greece, America, and Switzerland, instead of a republic, *one and indivisible*, cost him his life. How much must the idea of royalty have been dreaded in France, when his enemies could undermine his reputation, and ruin his character, by the opprobrious nick name of *le roi Buzot*! But this was at a period, and the custom is not yet abolished, when naughty children were whipped by their parents for being *les petits aristocrats*!

MIRABEAU, MIRANDA, WILKES.

THESE three very celebrated men met one day by invitation at the house of a respectable gentleman in Chesterfield-street, May-fair. Mr. H. after dinner expected great entertainment from his guests; but, unfortunately for him, the orator and the general had a violent dispute relative to some trifling subject, which rendered the early part of the evening uncomfortable. To complete the mortification, they both soon after attacked John Wilkes on the barbarity and inhumanity of the English nation, an instance of which they gave, in the execution of several young men for trifling offences, in the course of that very morning! The hoary patriot retorted the charge, and turning towards Mirabeau (it was before the revolution) sarcastically asked him, what he thought of the very humane mode of breaking on the wheel, as practised at the *Greve*, when the *noblesse* were accustomed to bespeak seats at particular windows, as if they had been going to a comedy!!!

REMARKS.

GREAT men in the wrong, are powerful engines of mischief; and like bursting bombs, destroy themselves and all around them.

Study and felicity will convince any one that felicity does not consist in affluence.

Man overlooks the most instructive book in his study, if he reads not his own heart.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

In England, Mr. GOODWIN, author of a pamphlet against the Institution of Matrimony, to Mrs. MARY WOLSTONECRAFT, authoress of "The Rights of Women."

On Thursday evening the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN COOK, to Mrs. CORNELIA BROWER, widow of the late Henry Brower, all of this city.

On Saturday evening se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. LAWRENCE ACKERMAN, to Miss HESTER LEWIS, both of this city.

On Sunday evening se'nnight, by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Capt. STEPHEN CLAY, to Miss CATHARINE WOOD, daughter of Mr. John Wood, of this city.

Same evening, Mr. RICHARD LESTER, to Mrs. VENABLES, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 25th ult. to the 1st inst.

	THERMOMETER		Prevailing		OBSERVATIONS			
	observed at		winds.		on the WEATHER.			
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.		
	deg. 100.	deg. 100.						
June 25	66	82	nw.	do.	clr. lt. wd.	do. do.	lt.	
26	66	82	nw.	w.	clear lt. wd.	do. do.		
27	68	81	s.	do.	clr. lt. wd. r. clr. lt. wd.			
28	65	79	s.	sw.	foggy calm clear lt. wd.			
29	66	84	sw.	s.	clear lt. wd. do. do. lt.			
30	68	89	sw.	do.	clear lt. wd. do. do.			
July 1	69	77	sw.	s.	clear lt. wd. do. do.			

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FOR JUNE, 1797.

Made in the Cupals of the MUSEUM, by G. BAKER, Proprietor.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer at sun-rise	61	4
Do. do. of the do. at 3 P. M.	75	1
Do. do. of the do. for the whole month	68	2
Greatest monthly range between the 1st. and 30th.	39	0
Do. do. in 24 hours, the 30th. to 1st.	21	0
Warmest day the 30th.	89	0
Colest day the 1st.	50	0
9 days it rained, and a very large quantity has fallen.		
7 days it Thundered and Lightened, in very great abundance.		
18 do. the wind was at the westward of north and Town, at both obser.		
12 do. the do. was to the eastward of do. and do. at the do. do.		
24 do. the do. was light at both observations.		
1 do. the do. was high at do. do.		
16 do. it was clear at do. do.		
7 do. it was cloudy at do. do.		